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the screams of pain, or the disgust of a sick chamber. If a limb is to be amputated, the sufferer is handed over by the sentimentalist to the vulgar pity of the surgeon's apprentice, or the nurse-tender; nor does he return till all is safe and tranquil, and he can earn the cheap fame of sympathy, founded on a few hackneyed inquiries or an hour's attendance.

If this miserable shrinking from the imperious duties of existence—this base treachery, which adheres during the sunshine, and flies before the storm—were attended only by temporary and trifling sufferings, it would be sufficient to mark it with the stigma of ridicule; but its effects are too serious to pass it by with such a notice—it deserves, on the contrary, the most unqualified reprobation, and the persons proved guilty of the mischief should be hooted out of society.

RIDES THROUGH THE COUNTY OF CORK.



FOUR-MILE-WATER.

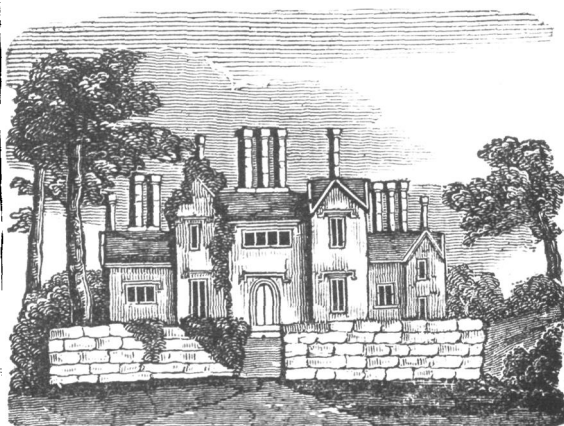
On the morning that succeeded the social evening we described in a former chapter of our "Rides," (No. 138,) Father R— introduced the subject of the architectural antiquities of his neighbourhood.

"With one or two exceptions," said he, "this district is rather bare of such remains, and those which we have are evidently of the rudest construction, which marks them as the fabrics of a period when security from depredation was one of the principal objects which the chieftain, or proprietor, proposed to himself in constructing his residence. Of Castle Donovan, I think, my honest friend, you already know *satis superque*; a few miles to the north-east lies the ruin of Toher, once of considerable size and strength, but now chiefly remarkable from the luxuriant clusters of ivy that festoon the walls of the castle to its very summit. It would be richly worth your while, as I think you are somewhat of a botanist, to ride half a mile out of your way to look at the ivy at Toher—it is really gigantic. Loudon, in his *Encyclopedia of Agriculture*, (a work which I constantly study,) observes, that the humidity and mildness of the atmosphere produce in the south of this kingdom a luxuriance and rapidity of growth in vegetation, to which no other part of the empire affords any parallel; and this, he says, appears in the most remarkable manner in the ivy and other evergreens, with which the kingdom abounds. He is quite right; but of all the magnificent masses of ivy I have seen, I think the prodigious growth of that evergreen at Toher the most remarkable for picturesque richness and vigour. I have planted ivy to the walls of the parish chapel, although only on the northern and eastern exposures; it will not generate damp, unless it grows upon the sides of the building exposed to the humidity of our atmosphere—namely, the south and west."

While his reverence spoke, we were slowly sauntering towards the chapel, on the erection of which, in spite of the poverty of the parishioners, Father John justly piqued himself not a little. It was built at three onsets, the parish being unable to accomplish so great an undertaking in a single year; and its size and appearance were suffi-

ciently respectable to do credit to the zeal and perseverance of both pastor and parishioners.

"See," said he, "here is the space we have enclosed for a cemetery; and there, in front, I have planted a grove of ash and other trees; do you see those four tall ash placed apart from each other?—I mean to be buried in that spot, should I die in the parish. How do you like my chapel? And, more than all, what think you of the inimitable economy of space with which I have placed the vestry-room under the altar? Sir, I pride myself not a little upon my architectural skill; and I like you so well, that I'll show you (what I have shown to very few) the plan of a cottage that I purpose erecting for my residence, should Plutus ever smile on me so far as to give me the requisite means.



Plan of Father John's intended residence.

"There's my cottage, Sir. It isn't so bad for a mere amateur—there's a dash of the antique about it, which I am sure you must like. I threw off the sketch in a few minutes, when the fancy inspired me; and I promise you the internal arrangements would be quite as commodious as the exterior is simple and pleasing. Among the rest, I purpose arriving at the glory of a *bouchoir*—only think, a *bouchoir* in the wilds of this parish, which is nearly unpronounceable by civilized lips! There, Sir, I shall have my books, my drawings, my mathematical instruments, and, peradventure, a few of the more scientific implements of the *cuisine*, for the benefit of those dear and chosen friends who are equally skilled with myself in gastronomic science. You may perhaps be admitted to a few of these select, exclusive orgies, provided you approve yourself *au fait* in the projection of some exquisite *bouilli*, some inimitable *pâté*, or some scientific *vol-au-vent*, or anything, in short, which may render you worthy of such an envied distinction."

I could not avoid smiling at the enthusiasm with which my host affected to speak of the *cuisine*; as he really was as sincere a votary of temperance in the use of the good things of the table, as any one I ever have met. He soon reverted to the subject of his intended cottage.

"Now, Sir, if I go to the expense of erecting this edifice, I shall surround it with a garden in the antique mode: my parterres, my flowers, my evergreen hedges, my arbours, my 'verdant walls,' and my velvet alleys, shall be all in the style so enchantingly described and recommended by the *Abbé*, the *Comte*, and the *Chevalier*, in that sweet old work on arboriculture by *Du Bois*. Don't laugh, as if I were guilty of any very great extravagance in this: remember that my garden plot is small, that I am a tolerable hand at spade, shovel, and pruning-knife myself, and that the *gossoon* about the house can do wonders when working along with so finished a proficient as I am. I shall have *multum in parvo*. But when do you start for Four Mile Water? I am going to the parish of Durrus to-day, and I shall feel glad to accompany you."

Our horses were accordingly saddled for the excursion to Four-Mile-Water, to which, the preceding evening, I had spoken of proceeding on this day. Mr. R—'s conversation beguiled the hours of my ride through this

bare and uncultivated district, which swells into brown, wild moorland eminences, few of which ascend to the dignity of hills. After riding leisurely for more than three hours, the bay of Dunmanus broke upon our sight—a noble sheet of water, fully thirteen miles in length from its inland extremity to the harbour's mouth; the hills that border its shore are bolder, higher, and far more abrupt than any of those through which we had travelled. The parish church of Durrus, and the neat and compact glebe-house of Mr. Alcock, the Protestant rector, occupy a rising ground overhanging the upper end of the bay, where the water narrows to a point. The thatched, whitewashed cottage of Mr. Quin, the parish priest, embosomed in its snug and thriving orchard, stands further inland among verdant meadows. At the distance of some miles along the bay, are visible the ancient castles of Dunbeacon and Dunmanus, almost verging on the water's edge; they were formerly inhabited by hardy buccaneers, who retired to enjoy the profits of their dangerous and stormy occupation on these desolate shores. As one gazes on their roofless walls, the mind irresistibly reverts to the wild wassail, the rude licence, of which these abodes have been formerly the scene; and one painfully contrasts the riotous festivity of other days with the death-like stillness that now prevails in the long-deserted edifices. On the north-west side of the bay stands Four-Mile-Water, the demesne of the Rev. Mr. Evanson, an unbeneficed Protestant clergyman, whose character, as I learned from my companion, is exceedingly amiable and popular. Mr. Evanson inhabits a modern house, erected some forty or fifty years since, near the site of the ancient tenement that forms the subject of our first engraving. Both are immersed in groves of lofty trees, and a wild, shady walk leads from the dwelling-house to the seashore, which is less than a quarter of a mile distant.

"Antiquarian as I am," said Mr. R—, "I know little of this ancient ruin, save what Smith tells us in his History of Cork—namely, that it was once a place of some strength, and was built by a branch of the M'Carthys. The M'Carthys lost that, along with other possessions, in the great civil war; and their descendants struggled on, for no inconsiderable part of a century, in the doubtful class entitled 'decayed gentry.' I well recollect the last of them who lingered in this neighbourhood. He was an old, patriarchal-looking man, with snow-white hair. He inhabited a cottage near Dunbeacon. He was as finely formed and athletic a fellow as I ever saw. The peasants around regarded him with no small feelings of respect and affection, to which his excellent qualities appeared to entitle him well. He died at the age of ninety, in the year—let me see—1795, I think; and he possessed to the very last the buoyancy of spirits and the warmth of affection that more properly belong to youth. Poor fellow! he sometimes indulged in a sigh at the fallen fortunes of his house, but it was not a sigh of bitterness. When he died, there was less of the customary tumult of wakes, and more of deep and genuine feeling exhibited among the people than, at that time, was usual on such occasions. His virtues and benevolence had made an impression on all."

"Pray," said I, "was not he the interesting old man on whose death you once made verses?"

"He was," replied Mr. R—, looking downwards with the becoming diffidence of authorship.

"Will you do me the favour to repeat them?" said I. He instantly commenced the recitation in a tone of unaffected feeling.

"I saw an old man laid within his shroud—
A placid smile sat on his lifeless face,
Which told the faith that cheered his dying hour,
And lingered still, like some lone golden beam
Cast on the silent heaven at eventide.

"His few thin hairs were snow-white, and his brow
Still showed the wrinkles of life's carking cares—
Cares that were ended and forgotten now!
While children, and their children, flocked around
Their parent's bier, and sobs unbidden told
How well beloved the soul that hence had fled!
The open heart, the bounteous hand, were all
Remembered at that sad and solemn hour.

"Yet why lament? why weep? His hour has come—
The Christian has been gathered to his God.
We weep not when the summer flowers fade—
We weep not when the leaves of autumn fall,
And strew with russet brown the forest glade—
We weep not when the full-eared corn bends
Its golden load beneath the reaper's sickle:
For the sweet flowers will blow again in spring—
In Spring the trees will ope their soft green buds—
In Spring the corn will push its tender shoots.

"Old man! hast thou no Spring? O yes, thou hast!
Thy Spring is heaven—bright, glorious, and unfading!
Hence thou hast gone, from hearts that loved thee
well—

Hence thou hast gone, from those whose infant hours
Thou watchdest with a parent's tender care.

"We weep—for sorrowing nature claims a tear;
But 'mid our tears a glow of hope ariseth,
And we pour forth our souls in humble pray'r,
That heaven's good and bounteous King may deign
For Jesus' sake to bind anew those ties
In happier worlds, that death has broken here.
Old man, farewell! Earth closes o'er thy form—
To God we tremblingly commend thy spirit.

"O, may we meet thee when eternity
Unveils its awful wonders to our view!"

Involuntary tears rose in the eyes of Father John, as the lines he repeated recalled to his memory the ancient friend of his early days. I was stupid enough to try to change the subject.

"No," said Father John, "we will speak of poor M'Carthy. I earnestly hope," he added, looking upward, "to meet him where we never will be separated. It is good for us, my young friend, to speak upon these subjects; by keeping before us the evanescence of life, they teach us so to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

LAYING A GHOST.

The following ghost-story, by the talented author of the "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," although published some time since in a more extended form, in a Magazine which we then conducted, will be new to many of our readers. We now insert it as a kind of commentary on "The Haunted Chamber," which appeared in the 164th number of our Journal.

In the town of Ballydioch, lived, about eighty years ago, one of those old, drinking, swearing squires, who was said to have been enrolled a member of that blessed confraternity, called the Hell-fire Club.* The gentleman, to be sure, was not only a very jolly, but a very jolly-looking personage; being, as most topping squires usually are, of a high complexion, with a nose richly chased, and ornamented with rubies, carbuncles, and a considerable variety of those star-like gems, which shine in the glowing firmament of a good fellow's face. This jovial gentleman was said by many to have sold himself to the devil; although it was asserted by others that no such sale had taken place; and it was ironically added by the humorous vicar of the parish, that the bargain had been actually completed, but that the deeds could not be drawn up for want of a conveyancer; this, however, could not be true, as it was well known that there resided three lawyers within the limits of the parish. Others said, that Counsellor Pliant had drawn up the document, but refused to take any fee from the old boy, he having it in his power to throw so many briefs in his way, under the character of an attorney. Not a few were of opinion, that Satan absolutely declined having any thing to do with the squire in the way of purchase; but whether because he was a bad bargain at best, or whether the old gentleman thought that by waiting for a short time, he was sure to have the reversion of him in the course of nature, we cannot say. Certain it was, however, that a connexion of an intimate nature was sup-

* To some of our modern readers it may, perhaps, appear incredible that such a club as this should have existed in the land of saints—such was actually the case, however; and that in the recollection of many still living.